

Marija Stosic

I Won't Say The Lord's Prayer
(to God's ass painted by Michelangelo on the
ceiling of the Sistine Chapel)

Oh, you All Mighty You,
I was sixteen when I saw your ass for the first time.
I went to Rome and visited your holy state
And in the Sistine Chapel me and a few friends
Were staring endlessly at the wonders of the ceiling.
Wow, everyone exclaimed.
Fat, said I. Goes along with the theory that
You created our Universe and the stars impossible to reach
And then went for a beer, a biiig lager,
And became too fat to move even your little finger,
I mean if you wanted to, and you don't since there are still
So many fun things to do, like watching
The celestial game of football between the wonderful team
Of Alfa Centauri and the pathetic one of Jupiter's Moons.

Oh, you All Mighty You,
Since then I keep seeing your chubby ass everywhere.
Like that game of earth football, remember, World Cup '98,
When Batty missed the penalty and the wrong team won.
Or, the war in Bosnia, for example, when this friend of my
Mother's (Miriana is the name) wrote to us how she was 38 kg and
Her son was hiding for months in the attic of the friend Muslim's
House, and the snipers with their icy eyes everywhere.

Oh, you All Mighty You,
I blame you for not ordering a smaller beer,
So you could come and intervene in your powerful maleness.
You could fuck a few girls, make a few Jesuses,

Write a few Bibles just for spite. Blame a few Eves for
 A few expulsions from fewer paradises on Earth.
 Or you could create more meek, ribless Adams, to love
 And obey your prick forever. And happily ever after,
 Amen.

Oh, you impotent, huge ass of a god,
 That lager better be good, man. For
 When I see you I will make you a trial,
 A little show for the earthly asses to laugh.
 I will have an endless roll of toilet paper in my hands,
 And the words on it will be:
 I blame you.
 Now I don't blame you for Bosnia, Croatia, Kosovo,
 I don't blame you for the creation of the atom bomb,
 Or for cancer that came along.
 I blame you for not moving your little finger,
 Not moving your little heart to stop it all and cry
 I AM THE COSMIC JUSTICE!
 I blame you for not coming down, not once,
 I blame you for the eighteen year olds
 On the battlefields, their mouths
 Wide open. I blame you
 For my mom's friend in Sarajevo who lives
 But does not sleep at night,
 I blame you for Sarajevo. For Vukovar.
 I blame you for Pristina. For my friend who survived the war
 And whose mom died after everything was over,
 I blame you for Murphy's law.
 I blame you for my mom who cannot eat and whose heart is getting
 Weaker, day by day by night.
 For my uncle who left his family and went
 To live in a monastery, blinded by your lies.
 I blame you for my father who watched his brother die
 Slowly, an invalid, for years. I blame you
 For Slobodan Milosevic, who still lives,
 I blame you for his peaceful dreams.
 I blame you for Divna's cancer, I blame you
 For John Lennon. For Milan Mladenovic

Who died aged 36 and the resistance died with him.
I blame you for March, April, May,
For the year 1999, I blame you for the airplanes
That swallowed the sky,
That you didn't stop. I blame you for the hands
Of my people, the hands that slaughtered,
That you didn't stop. I blame you for the tears of my friends
Who didn't know whether their friends, and moms and dads
Will live through the day, day by day by night.
And what about my tears?
I blame you for watching. I blame you for
Laughing your sick ass off, I blame you for the possibility,
The vague possibility that you exist. And if you do,
I will be your Lucifer. And I will not wait for you
To make me fall. I will deny you happily, freely,
Hoping that someday I will be able to kill
The eternity that you are. And then it will make sense.
Everything will make sense. For the first time.

In a Cafe Called Garden

In a cafe called Garden all made of wood
Central Belgrade we skipped classes,
Hot chocolate in blind winters
(But this belongs to a different story).
Having coffee there with my best friend
I haven't seen her since the times when
The sky was no longer a cage for the birds but
The huge airport. She looks a bit Chinese,
but for her cheeks red, the contrast in pale evenings.
I was telling her how my life sucked and how I lost
The people I loved, walking the forbidden
Alleys, dark, how I shivered on the sight of certain
Faces. Her eyes were tiny, still are, smiling
To cute waiters, flirting everywhere
We would go to have coffee, or hot chocolate, anyway.
And this evening, this particular moment in time

Her eyes were smiling again, and she was listening to me,
 An almost lost friend, on the other side of the Borderlands.
 She told me she loved her boyfriend very much, and her studies were
 Going well, she said, and that she had cancer.
 Nothing important, she said, nothing, just waiting
 For it to eat her up and saying good-byes to the faces
 That made her shiver once, and lying in her bed at night
 Watching the sky babies of another
 Life (cancer of the ovary, lesson one),
 This woman with the feet of a child, this child that I will
 Forget once, when I find my place away from the Borderlands.
 She writes e-mails from time to time, short and shiny,
 She says how much she loves her boyfriend, her studies
 Are going well. She still smells of Angel, still washes her hair with
 Pantene Pro-V, wears jeans size 26 (tiny, tiny), and has conversations
 With the mother fucker from above. No good-byes, she mentions
 No good-byes, just says I should remember how much she cared.
 Once I will write a story, just for her. She will live forever,
 The twenty-year old Chinese-like beauty, in a tropic paradise,
 Fifteen children and the best man of that world beside her.
 When she is bored, she will construct avant-garde buildings,
 Lying on the blue beach, the man
 Kissing her belly button. And no good-byes, she will
 Have to say no good-byes
 Anymore.

Marija Stosic was born in Majdanpek in eastern Serbia in 1979 and raised in Belgrade. She was awarded the Borislav Pekic Prize for her poetry in 1995; she remains the youngest recipient in the history of this award. She is especially interested in poetry's cathartic potential to heal, to foment political change, and to plumb "an individual guilt which lies in the act of being silent for years." She is currently a fourth-year student at the American University in Bulgaria.